

# The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.]

MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 21, 1861.

[NEW SERIES—VOL. 23—NO. 1.]

## Business Directory.

**REED & CRITCHFIELD.**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.  
Office—Up stairs in Critchfield's Corner  
Block, opposite the Court-house. n204

**D. S. UHL.**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.  
Office—In Mayor's building, over the Book  
store. n204

**WM. S. TANNENHILL.**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT  
LAW, Millersburg, Ohio. Office—Two  
doors east of the Bank, up stairs. n204

**J. P. ALBAN.**  
DENTIST, Millersburg, Ohio, Artificial Teeth  
inserted, from one to an entire set, on gold,  
silver or vulcanite base. All operations skillfully  
performed. Satisfaction warranted.  
Rooms in the Ellison House. n41.

**J. E. ATKINSON.**  
DENTIST, Millersburg, Ohio, tenders his  
professional services to all who may need  
anything in the way of Teeth operations, consist  
ing in Filling, Extracting and inserting from one to  
an entire set. n41.

**J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Frederickburg,  
Ohio. Respectfully announces his readiness  
to give prompt attention to all professional calls.  
He is permitted to refer to the Medical Faculty  
of the University of Michigan and to the Faculty  
of Medicine of the University of New York city.  
Sept. 27, 1860—n326

**DR. T. G. V. BOLING.**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Millersburg, O.  
Office on Main street, formerly occupied by  
Dr. Irvine. n204

**T. McK. EBRIGT, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN,  
MILLERSBURG, O. Office—on Jackson st.  
nearly opposite the Empire House. Resi-  
dence on Clay street, opposite the Presbyterian  
Church. n204

**DR. A. A. CRUMP.**  
GERMAN & ENGLISH Botanic Physician,  
Millersburg, O. Office—on the East end of  
Main street, four doors above the Public square.  
n204

**A. B. FRY.**  
WATCH MAKER & JEWELLER, Main  
Street, opposite Court House, Millersburg,  
Ohio. n204

**JAS. HEDRON & SON.**  
DEALERS in English, German and Ameri-  
can Hardware, Cutlery, Oils, Paints, Glass,  
Sash, Pine Doors Saddlery, and Coach Trum-  
pings. n204

**ELLISON HOUSE.**  
MILLERSBURG, O. DE SILVA Proprietors, Jackson  
Street, Millersburg, Ohio. n204

**OHIO HOUSE.**  
I. HOKWORTH, Proprietor, west end of Main  
street, Millersburg, O. Stage Office.  
Daily Line of Coaches to Conestoga. n204

**A. J. BELL.**  
COUNTY RECORDER AND NOTARY  
PUBLIC, Millersburg, Ohio. He is at all  
times ready to furnish, fill up, and take acknowl-  
edgments of all kinds of Deeds, Conveyances,  
mortgages, and powers of Attorney, and Record  
the same, take Depositions to be used in any of  
the courts of this State. Also, Protest Notes, Bills  
of exchange, &c. His office is in the County  
Recorder's office. n204

**SPARTAN LODGE NO. 126.**  
OF Free and Accepted Masons, meet the Fri-  
day on or preceding the full moon in every  
month, at the Masonic Hall.  
J. W. Vonnies, Secretary

**J. B. RUSSELL.**  
NOTARY PUBLIC, Salt Creek Township,  
Holmes County, Ohio, will acknowledge  
deeds, take depositions, and do all other business  
pertaining to his office. n204

**BAKER & WHOLE.**  
Forwarding and Commission Merchants,  
BALD, FISH, PLASTER, & WATER LIME,  
n204

**Flour, Wheat, Rye, Corn and oats**  
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.

**BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, TALLOW**  
AND ALL KINDS OF DRIED FRUITS.  
n204

**E. STEINBACHER & CO.**  
Produce and Commission Merchants,  
n204

**Flour, Grain, Mill Stuffs,**  
SALT, FISH, WHITE & WATER LIME, &c. &c.  
n204

**Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Wool,**  
REEDS, DRIED FRUIT, BUTTER, EGGS &c. &c.  
June 1, 1860. n204

**PAINTING & GLAZING**  
The undersigned is ready to do any thing in the line  
of  
House, Sign, Ornamental, Buggy  
and Wagon Painting.  
I will be found, when not elsewhere employed, at my  
shop, over Wm. McClellan's Store, Millersburg, Ohio.  
A. J. STEFFEL.  
May 24, 1860. n204

**GROCERY STORE.**  
G. O'BRYEN has removed his  
Grocery and Provision Store  
To the Rooms formerly occupied by  
Fitz's Jewelry Store.  
His goods are of the very best quality, carefully selected  
and will be sold on short profits.  
All who want to buy the best quality of  
GROCERIES  
should call.  
April 26, 1860. G. O'BRYEN.

**J. EBERHARDT'S**  
Manufacturer and Dealer  
IN ALL KINDS OF  
AMERICAN AND ITALIAN  
MARBLE WORKS  
Monuments, Tombstones and Head Stones on hand and  
made to order on the shortest notice, and at such low  
prices that will astonish the customer.  
J. EBERHARDT.  
Shop on Jackson street,  
April 30, 1860.

**NEW BOOT & SHOE SHOP!**  
ON the west end of 2nd Main street, in the room  
formerly occupied by the shoe store, where the  
customer is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line,  
especially  
FINE CITY SEWED WORK,  
in such a manner as not to be excelled west of the Alle-  
ghenies.  
WORK WARRANTED!  
And done on reasonable terms. Repairing done neat  
and on short notice. Very thankful for the patronage  
that has been extended to his former store.  
He is determined to merit a return of the same.  
He has on hand, a great lot of BOOTS AND SHOES,  
both ladies' and men's, which, preparatory to lay-  
ing in fall stock he will sell on such terms,  
AS YOU CAN'T HELP BUT BUY!  
Just try him once and call soon.  
June 9, 1860—n204.

## Poetry.

### THE BEAUTIFUL MUST COME AGAIN.

BY WILLIAM HORS WALLACE.

Thy brow is bent, thine eye is dim;  
And low, and sad thy morning hymn  
As dimes sung in Autumn bowers,  
By winds above the withered flowers—  
Thy morning hymn whose thrilling tone  
Once seemed from Joy's own trumpet blown  
While not a single cloud nor breeze  
Went shadowing the universe—  
Yet summer be thy morning strain—  
The beautiful must come again!

Ab, know that thou but walkst now,  
With darkened eye and solemn brow,  
Through that wild wilderness, alas!  
Where angels once must sometimes pass,  
Grim doubt upon thy soul—a night  
Lit only with a ghastly light,  
A mocking of that morn'g blaze  
That once illum'd Creation's ways:  
Yet summer be thy morning strain—  
The beautiful must come again!

### TO MY MOTHER.

And canst thou, mother! for a moment think  
That we, thy children, when old age shall shroud  
Thy blanching locks on thy drooping head,  
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?  
Someday the sun from his high sphere shall sink,  
And the stars will all thy griefs assuage,  
To pine in solitude thy life away.

Or canst thou, mother! on the grave's cold brink,  
Bemoan the "ifs"—where'er our steps may roam,  
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,  
Still will full measure point our hearts to thee,  
And point the pleasures of thy peaceful home;  
While days like this will all thy griefs assuage,  
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

## A Capital Story.

### AN INCIDENT OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY E. W. DAVIES.

On a distant prairie, at nightfall, a  
way-worn and weary traveler was over-  
taken by a snowstorm. When the first  
flakes came softly dropping down, he  
looked eagerly around in hope of discover-  
ing a place of shelter, but none was to  
be seen—only the trackless waste of roll-  
ing lands and far off hills in the direction  
whither he was going—so far off that he  
never should reach them. With the de-  
parture of light the snow began falling  
faster, the wind blew keener, the road  
over the prairie was soon hidden from  
view, and the traveler felt that he was lost  
on a trackless waste, without a star to  
guide him across the dangerous country.

"This is terrible!" said he aloud. "I  
fear much I shall never come to my des-  
tination. If I had but a compass and a  
light I should not fear, for I could resist  
the effects of cold long enough to reach  
the hills, and there I should find human  
habitations, or at least the shelter of a  
rock. Now, I may go in a circle till I  
freeze, and never nearer help. What a  
fool I was, to leave the river side and  
cross the prairie just for the sake of a few  
miles more or less journey. No matter;  
I must ever battle it out now, Heaven  
helping."

And battle it out he did, most manful-  
ly. He drew his cap down over his ears  
and brow, and his fur collar up over his  
mouth, and thrusting his hands deeper in  
his pockets, pressed on through the yield-  
ing snow. The gloom increased, the  
wind came sharper, and through his heavy  
clothes the traveler began to feel the ef-  
fects of the cold. His feet grew numb,  
his arms chilled, and after an hour's rapid  
walking, he suddenly paused.

"How do I know whether I am going?  
he exclaimed. "Perhaps I have already  
turned aside from the straight line, and am  
wandering on the verge of destruction.  
O, that I could shake off this drowsy  
feeling that is stealing over me. I know  
what it is—the precursor of a rest in this  
cold freezing sleep of snow. Great Heaven,  
can I am freezing to death!" shrieked he,  
bounding forward with renewed energy.  
Action—action—action is life, and life is  
too sweet to lose yet!"

He hurried along with a springing mo-  
tion, stamping his feet vigorously at  
every step, and swinging his arms to keep  
his blood in circulation. Yet with all  
his efforts he knew that the angel of death  
was folding his white wings silently but  
surely around him.

"Despair—no," he cried, "not while  
the memory of my wife and dear children  
is left me. I will struggle on for your  
sakes, and fight to the last extremity—  
O, just Heaven, for the sake of the inno-  
cent ones whose only stay is my right arm,  
help me to resist—help me to tri-  
umph!"

At this moment he plunged into a hol-  
low, his feet strode over ice, and he heard  
the voice of a streamlet, singing of life  
in action beneath its icy crust. At the same  
time the smell of wood-smoke saluted his  
nostrils.

"O, Thou, who reignest above," said he,  
"I thank Thee that Thou hast heard my  
prayer. Help is near me."

He reeled heavily onward through the  
blinding snow, and saw just before him a  
low shed, one more struggle and he fell  
against it. In an instant he divined its  
character. With a last desperate struggle  
he found the door, threw it open, and  
rushing in, flung himself at full length upon  
the floor, knowing only that he was  
in an atmosphere reeking with the fumes  
of bacon, and warm with the smoke that  
rose from a pan of smothered coals in the  
center of the place. It was a settler's  
rude smoke-house, left to care for itself  
during the long winter's night, and the  
traveler's grateful heart sent up a tribute  
to Heaven for this place of refuge in the  
desert of snow.

In the log cabin in the valley of the  
streamlet, Milly Dean sat alone. Her  
husband had gone to a distant town, and  
the young wife was left with her babe—  
Accustomed to the solitude, she felt safe;  
and sat in contentment before the blazing  
fire, the flames leaped joyfully up  
the chimney, and the green logs sizzled  
and crackled in the heat like things of  
life. Out doors the wind was howling  
fiercely, and the snow falling heavily,

but Milly cared not, for it only made the  
fire more cheerful.

There came a rapping at the door.  
"How strange! Who can that be at  
our door in this wild night?" she said to  
herself, as she rose and went into the lit-  
tle entry.

The rapping was repeated.  
"Who is there?" she asked.  
"For heaven's sake, let me in; I am  
freezing to death!" was the reply.

"Who are you, and how came you in  
this lonely place on such an evening as  
this?"

"I am a traveler from below; I lost my  
way, and am dying with cold. For pity  
sake let me in or I shall perish!"

Milly hesitated. She was alone, and  
it was three miles to the nearest neigh-  
bor's. What should she do? She paused  
in perplexity.

"O, save me—save me! I am dying!"  
were the words that met her hearing—  
There was a heavy fall against the sill,  
and low moans. Her woman nature  
could stand no more; true to the instinct  
of her being, she unbared the door and  
threw it open. A closely muffled figure  
reeled by her into the room, and shutting  
the door she followed. On reaching the  
fire-place, the stranger threw off his dis-  
guise, and stood erect and strong, with-  
out a sign of inconvenience from the ef-  
fects of the weather. Milly retreated  
from him in amazement; but recovering  
herself, and putting the best face on the  
matter, she tremulously addressed the  
man:

"I am sorry, sir, you are so cold. It  
is a bitter night to be abroad. Will you  
not sit by the fire?" and she pushed a  
chair forward.

The man made no response, but stoop-  
ing over, ran his fingers through the  
blaze. Then he turned and stared at her  
with a look that made her blood run cold.  
A bright thought came into her head—  
She would pretend that she knew him—  
In the house, for she already felt afraid of  
the man, and bitterly regretted having  
admitted him.

"Would you like to see some of the  
men folks, sir?" she inquired. "If so I  
will call them from their beds."

The man laughed hoarsely and replied:  
"Milly Dean, for that I believe is your  
name, you cannot deceive me. You are  
all alone in this house. I took particu-  
lar care to ascertain that before I came—  
So you may as well make yourself easy  
upon that point and do as I bid you."

"Do as you bid me," exclaimed Milly  
in terror; "what do you want of me?"

"I want the twelve hundred dollars in  
gold your husband received two days  
ago. You probably know where it is."

Milly sprang into the entry and would  
have fled, but the stranger caught her by  
the wrist and dragged her roughly back.

"You cannot escape me young woman,"  
he said. "You will find it most conve-  
nient to make a clean breast off at once.  
It will be better for you."

Milly strove to release her arm. The  
rough treatment she received aroused her  
temper and indignation overcame all other  
feelings.

"Let me go, you scoundrel, let me go,  
or I will call for help," she cried.

"Call, you fool," said the brutal fellow,  
"and much good may it do you. Keep  
yourself still and tell me where the money  
is."

"I will not," she exclaimed, her eye  
flashing fire.

"You will not," he replied; "we shall  
see."

He released her wrist so violently that  
she reeled half across the room. Then he  
seized the sleeping infant from its cradle,  
and held it at arm's length almost  
into the blazing fire, so that the terrified  
mother expected to see its light garment  
catch the flame.

"Now, then, where is the money?"  
Speak out quick or hear your babe shriek  
with pain. I will burn it to death before  
your eyes if you do not tell me where the  
money is!"

"Monster, give me my child," shrieked  
Milly, endeavoring to reach the little one.

"Let me have my baby,"

But every effort was frustrated, for  
again and again the strong hand of the  
robber thrust her back.

"See its clothes will be on fire in a  
minute," said the man putting the help-  
less innocent closer to the flame. The  
mother looked into his eyes. She saw  
there the look of heartless determination.  
She became aware that the cotton gar-  
ments of the child were smoking with  
the heat.

"How shall it be?" asked the ruffian.

"Hurry, or the child dies. I have no  
time to waste here."

Anything, anything, only give me my  
child!" she cried. The next instant it  
was handed to her, and she sank upon the  
floor and folded it to her bosom.

"Come," exclaimed the man, touching  
her rudely with his foot, "you have not  
told me where the money is."

"In the box on the upper shelf," she  
replied, pointing to the closet.

know you have once seen me, and you  
will know me again." And he advanced  
upon her.

"O, sir, let me live. Have you not  
done enough to take my husband's money  
without depriving him of his wife too?—  
I will never say one word against you if  
you will spare me, only spare me!"

As she spoke she clasped her hands  
and looked imploringly at him.

"I am sorry that I cannot safely grant  
your request," he responded. "There is  
no help for it, so come along out of  
doors."

He reached out his hand to grasp Mil-  
ly. But the instinct of self-preservation  
was strong upon her. She evaded him,  
flew to the chimney-piece, snatched her  
husband's loaded rifle from the hooks on  
which it hung, cocked and presented it  
at the breast of the robber. Her motions  
were so rapid that before he could prevent  
it, her finger had pressed the trigger and  
there was an explosion. But with equal  
readiness the man had stepped aside, the  
ball passed over his head, and the next  
instant the grip was on her throat.

"I will teach you to handle arms," he  
said. "You would have killed me, would  
you? I will show you a trick worth two  
of that."

"Mercy, mercy," cried the terrified  
woman.

"There is no mercy for you," he ejacu-  
lated. He dragged her into the entry  
and flung open the door. "Out with you  
into the snow."

"Hold, what is this?" exclaimed a deep  
toned voice. "Unhand that woman,  
you scoundrel!"

A powerful man stood in the doorway.  
He dealt the robber a blow between the  
eyes which struck him back into the en-  
try. His grasp of Milly was relinquished,  
and she fell to the floor.

"O, sir," she cried to the new comer,  
"save me. This man has robbed us, and  
would murder me that I would not tell of  
it."

"Fear not, madam, he shall not harm  
you," responded the stranger. "Fellow,  
surrender yourself."

"Get out of my way," cried the rob-  
ber, making a rush for the door, and  
striking at the stranger with a bowie knife.  
Giving back a few steps, the stranger  
seized the robber by the collar, whirled  
him around, and threw him on his face  
in the snow. The robber struggled, but  
the stranger knelt heavily on the small of  
his back, and grasped his hair.

"Lie still," said the stranger, "or I  
will send a bullet through your brain."

The robber felt the cold barrel of a  
pistol at his ear, and obeyed. Milly  
quickly brought ropes, at her rescuer's  
request, and the robber was bound hand  
and foot.

"It was a strange providence," the  
new comer said, "that overtook me with  
a snow storm on the prairie, and forced  
me an hour ago to take refuge in your  
smoke house, nearly dead with cold."

Milly acknowledged the truth of the re-  
mark, and she knelt and thanked her  
father in Heaven for her deliverance.

The next day Milly's husband came  
home, and when he had been told all,  
he remarked:

"This fellow was in the tavern at the  
village the day I sold my produce. It  
will learn me a lesson—never to let  
strangers know when money is plenty  
with me, lest they be tempted to crime  
and bring ruin on me and mine."

"That day some sixty or seventy men  
gathered at the house of Mr. Dean. The  
robber was recognized as a notorious  
horse thief who had long infested the  
neighborhood. There was a summary  
trial, and then in dogged silence the  
wretch who would have burned a harm-  
less infant and murdered a faithful  
woman, submitted to his inevitable fate.  
A rudely constructed gallows and a stout  
rope ended his existence. So on the  
thirty settled frontiers of the West, do  
they mete out justice to offenders against  
property and life."

There were about seventeen hundred  
dollars in bills found on the person of  
the robber, besides the gold he had taken  
from Mrs. Dean. As there was no  
claimant for the bills, at the suggestion  
of the stranger, whose life had been saved  
from the anger of winter storm by the  
shelter he found in the smokehouse, a  
thousand dollars of the seventeen hundred  
were presented to Milly in consideration  
of what she had passed through, and the  
remainder was divided around.

On the very spot is now a thriving  
town, and one of the finest residences  
in the place is that where dwells Milly Dean  
and her husband.—Gleaner's Weekly.

He who pulls off his coat cheerfully,  
strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings  
while he works, is the man to get along  
in the world.

As address to the Queen of England  
for a separate Irish Parliament, and the  
right of self-government, has already re-  
ceived over 30,000 signatures in Ireland.

The sorrowful John Perryngille says,  
in allusion to by-gone happy scenes: "No  
hand can make the clock strike for me the  
hours that are past."

How sublime is the virtue that still  
plants without any expectation of re-  
ward. He most emulates the Deity  
who plants for future generations.

VANITY is so constantly solicited of  
self that, even where its own claims are  
not interested, it indirectly seeks the al-  
liment which it loves, by showing how  
little is deserved by others.

Justice is the great but simple prin-  
ciple, and the whole secret of success in all  
government, as absolutely essential to the  
training of an infant as to the control of  
a mighty nation.

A wag has truly said if some men  
could come out of their coffins and read  
the inscriptions on their tombstones, they  
would think that they had got into the  
wrong graves.

A FEMALE writer says: "Nothing looks  
worse on a lady than darned stockings." Allow  
us to say that stockings which need  
darning look much worse than darned  
ones. Darned if they don't.

## MORE TESTIMONY.

THE SOUTH AS SEEN BY REV. DR. BANGS.

We cannot refrain from placing before  
our readers the following extracts from a  
letter of Rev. Dr. Bangs, a New York  
Methodist preacher, who is on a visit  
South, which we find in the Methodist, a  
truly christian newspaper:

LOUISIANA CONFERENCE.

Before I left New York, some of my  
friends expressed fears (though I had  
none myself,) that I might meet with  
hard usage at the South. But their fears  
were groundless. The Louisiana Confer-  
ence assembled the week after my arrival.  
Bishop Early and the preachers received  
me as a Christian minister and a Chris-  
tian brother, and in every place, and by all  
the people with whom I associated, I was  
treated with as much kindness, and warm  
hearted friendship as ever before in my  
life. The conference is small, about sev-

erty preachers, mostly young men, full  
of zeal and activity. Some had to go  
seven or eight hundred miles to their  
fields of labor; at an expense of one or  
two hundred dollars, but they seemed to  
go to their work cheerfully. A beautiful  
brick Methodist Episcopal church has  
just been erected in Baton Rouge; it was  
dedicated the Sabbath after our arrival.  
Rev. C. K. Marshall of the Mississippi  
Conference, preached the dedicatory ser-  
mon—an eloquent and glorious discourse  
it was, from the words "Worship God."

They invited me to preach in the eve-  
ning. I did the best I could, with my  
head rolling and pitchin like the ship I  
had just left. Though the members of  
this church are comparatively few, they  
raised on the day of dedication, the sum  
of \$4,730 towards defraying the expense  
of the erection. Was not that noble for  
a feeble society? They had preaching ev-

ery night and every day at 11 A. M. during  
the session of the conference, and the old  
Bishop held a conference prayer meeting  
for half an hour at half past eight in the  
morning. A glorious revival was the re-  
sult; such a time as had not been seen  
in this place—the house filled every  
night, and more than fifty professed con-  
version and joined on probation.

On Friday, the 15th of Dec., I left  
Baton Rouge for Port Gibson, Miss., the  
residence of my son-in-law, the Rev. B.  
Jones. Port Gibson must be a charming  
little town in the summer, with its neat  
houses sheltered by tasteful shrubbery,  
and the rich foliage of the trees. My  
visit was unfortunately made at that sea-  
son when rain and mud predominates in  
the country; so its beauties were not so  
apparent.

I seemed to have arrived, however, in  
the season of deliverance. The Presby-  
terian church of this place was consecrated  
on the 17th, by the Rev. Dr. Breck-  
inridge, President of the Oakland College,  
Mississippi. His sermon and prayer for  
the Union did me good. I felt like giv-  
ing a good Methodist shout, and told him  
so. Hearing that I was in town, one of  
their deacons waited upon me with a po-  
lite request that I would preach for them  
in the evening, to which I cheerfully con-  
sented. The Lord helped me to speak  
the truth in love—the sermon was loud  
and long enough to have been a good one  
On the afternoon of the same Sabbath, I  
preached to the blacks in the Methodist  
Episcopal church. I enjoyed it much,  
and they seemed to feel "mighty" well  
too—before service closed they began to  
walk around and shake hands with "old  
massa." So me of them, I believe,  
thought "old massa" did not use big  
words enough, but talked to them too  
much as they were little children. One  
of them had his hymn book, started the  
tunes and closed with prayer.

SLAVERY.

"The relation of master and slave has  
never to my satisfaction, been proved a  
sin. That there were great evils con-  
nected with it, or that may grow out of it,  
I have no doubt. So are there evils that  
may result from the marriage relation, or  
the relation of parent and child, but this  
does not prove the relation itself to be a  
sin. A great change has come over the  
political feeling both North and South,  
within the last twenty-five years. One  
extreme begets another. The extreme  
measures of the North upon this subject,  
have driven the South into the opposite  
extreme. Heretofore there were thous-  
ands at the South who considered slavery  
an evil, but a necessary evil, which they  
knew not how to remove; but now, as  
far as I could learn, they have come to  
the conclusion that the "institution" is  
right and scriptural, and the best state  
possible for the blacks. I will not stop  
to argue the point at all, I merely state  
the fact. As to the physical condition of  
the slaves at the South, I believe they are  
far better off than the free blacks of the  
North—better fed, better clothed, better  
housed, and do less work. They appear  
the happiest set of people to be found—  
their masters and mistresses have all the  
care and expense. I am told that the  
laws of Louisiana and Mississippi are  
very severe in protecting the slave. The  
Methodists are doing a great work among  
them. Many missionaries on the planta-  
tions—some of them are paid by the Mis-  
sionary society, and some congregations of  
blacks in New Orleans support them-  
selves. I conversed with a brother  
preacher, who is constantly laboring among  
this people, and he gave a thrilling  
account of his mission.

The movements of the abolitionists of  
the North have been productive of evil,  
and only evil to the masters and slaves;  
exasperating the former and causing them  
to restrict the privileges of the latter. Oh,  
when shall this wicked strife come to an  
end, and brotherly love and fraternal in-  
tercourse return?

Let us give the South their just claims,  
and let their institution alone. Cease  
this unchristian strife—there is a worse  
evil than slavery—brother warring against  
brother! I love my Southern brethren—  
There are as warm and true hearted Chris-  
tians here as any place on the face of the  
earth, and they are as honest in their  
view of things as we are. We must be-  
ware of rash judgment. God will judge

us all on the last day. Oh, that my head  
were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of  
tears, that I might weep day and night  
for my church and my country! Shall  
I live to see this beautiful structure which  
my father assisted to raise with his blood,  
scattered to the winds? I pray you, ye  
men of strife and contention, stop—hands  
off! I repeat, undo as far as you can, the  
mischief you have already done. As long  
as I live will I pray for the peace of Je-  
rusalem and the union of these United  
States. O, God the Lord of hosts arise  
and save the heritage, for vain is the hope  
of man.

The Conference has a white member-  
ship of ten thousand, two hundred and  
twenty-two, and an increase on last year  
of eleven hundred and seven—about ten  
per cent—and a colored membership of  
seven thousand two hundred and eighty-  
nine, an increase of seven hundred and  
fifty-five—about the same per cent. The  
widows and orphans and supernumeraries  
were paid their full disciplinary allow-  
ance.

H. BANGS.

Wot de Ledger Says.

A COLORED DIALOGUE.

Samuel Johnson.—Mr. White, does  
you eber disspile de expression of spirits  
wen you's laborin' under lusionation ob  
carniverous detractions wid literary pus-  
sions